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"HE IS A FOOL!"

A gentleman who visited with great regularity the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompted him to instruct, had given a Bible to a convict, who would ask him at each visit, with much shrewdness, some difficult question formed from passages of the sacred volume; each time declaring he would not go on if this was not first explained to him.

The gentleman was unable to persuade him that it would be best for him first to dwell upon those passages which he could easily understand, and which applied to his situation. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict to this course, his friendly teacher said:

"What would you think of a very hungry man, who had not eaten a morsel of food for the last twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable man to come in and sit down at a richly-covered table, on which were large dishes of choice meat, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know. Instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, he raises one cover after another, and insists on finding out what these unknown dishes are composed of. In spite of all the advice of the charitable man to partake first of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with obstinate inquiry on nicer compounds, until, overcome with exhaustion, he drops down. What do you think of such a man?"

"He is a fool," said the convict, "and I be one no longer. I understand you well."

FACE YOUR TROUBLES.

"I had ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for over five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock, that it would take too much time and labor to remove. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by-and-by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer ploughing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its right name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know. —*Selected.*

MOSES STRIKING ON THE ROCK.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock: so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts drink. And Moses took the rod from before the Lord as he commanded him. And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together bef[illegible] and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up [illegible] smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and the[illegible]

"GOD IS NOWHERE."

An infidel was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone, while his little Nellie was away at Sunday-school. He had often said, "There is no God," but could not satisfy himself with his scepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as thoughts of the Sunday school and of the wonderful works of creation would push their way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them "God is nowhere;" and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home, and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards and said, "Can you read that?" She climbed a chair and began eagerly to spell it out: "G-o-d, God, i-s, is, n-o-w, now, h-e-r-e, here; God is now here. Isn't that right, papa?" The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished, by the faith of Nellie, and again the prophecy was fulfilled, "A little child shall lead them." — *North-Western Presbyterian.*

AUBERT GALLION QUE

IS IT RIGHT?

"My home," said a Manchester gentleman, "is situated in the suburbs of this great commercial city. I love my home, and desire to do all in my power to surround my family with all the enjoyments of life, and to screen them, as far as possible, by God's blessings, from evil associations. At the back of my house is a beautiful garden, in which I delight to spend many of my hours. Some time ago the fumes from the chimney of the chemical works about half a mile from my house began to injure the bloom and foliage of my plants and trees.

"I consulted my lawyer, and he assured me that the law of the land was so strict on such matters that he had no question whatever of being able to stop the 'nuisance.' He applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, and, after hearing evidence from professional analysts on the question, the judge speedily decided in my favor, and the nuisance was removed.

"But is the law of England equally just with regard to other and greater evils?

"On the opposite side of the street, in front of my house, is a huge gin-shop. At night it is lighted up most brilliantly, and holds out many inducements to entrap young people of both sexes into drinking and other evil habits.

"The foul language which my family and servants are often obliged to hear from both men and women who have been made drunk in that house is too sad to relate. To my coachmen, stablemen, gardeners, it has truly been a curse; for much of the money which ought to have gone for the support of their wives and children has gone into the publican's till instead. The evil is not confined to the six working days of the week, as was the case with the chemical works, but on Sunday the withering influence of the trade carried on in that house continues.

"But when I remonstrated and tried to remove this nuisance, my lawyer shook his head and said: 'The law of the land enables you to protect your flowers, but it gives you no power to remove the greater curse of the gin-shops from your boys.'

"To my remonstrances with the man whose business is withering and blighting my earthly comforts far more than the chemical works, he boldly draws out from his pocket a paper signed by the magistrates—who are the representatives of the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—and with a look of scorn and derision he says the withering words, 'Here is my licence to do it!'"—*Alliance News.*

THE MISSING LINK.

Not long since an article appeared in *The Christian Advocate*, from the pen of the Rev. A. N. Craft, D.D., with the title, "The Missing Link between the Church and the Sunday-school." It is characterized by vigor and frankness, and contains some pungent truths that the Church will do well to heed.

After referring to the difficulties in the way of securing the conversion of the children in our Sunday-schools, the writer develops his plan for supplying "The Missing Link." He says:

"This work must be done in the Sunday-school. The class-meeting people and the revival-loving people must become workers in the Sunday-school. We must have thoroughly Christian teachers, who will be both teachers and class-leaders. Let there be a Sunday-school prayer-meeting once a month, fifteen minutes long. Let the opportunity for rising for prayer be given as often. Let the appeal be short, but as earnest as those which are given at protracted meetings.

"'All ten years of age and younger' will respond at once. Most of the boys and girls in their teens will soon be reached. Some adults will yield. I have tried this experiment, and would pledge myself to go into any Sunday-school and secure this result. Any good superintendent can do this without the aid of the pastor.

"Let a secretary be appointed, whose sole duty it will be to keep a record of those who have become seekers, of their age, home influence, their state of experience, their baptism, their teacher and leader, and report to the pastor those who are judged to be ready for full membership in the Church. Let the bell tap five minutes before the close of the lesson as a signal for the teachers to speak to their scholars especially on the subject of experimental religion. Let the pastor, superintendent, or teacher invite those who from time to time especially need it to a place of private conference and prayer. This, we think, if carried out would supply the missing link between the Sunday-school and the church."

A pastor in the State of New York writes us, referring to this article:

"If our Sunday-school workers could all catch the idea suggested by Dr. Craft, and throw themselves into the work in that line with inspiration and enthusiasm for Christ, thousands of our children might be brought to Christ. We must act quickly, and with vigor and love, or they are lost to us, to the Church, and to heaven, many of them.

"It seems to me that we are not as largely securing the conversion of our children as we should, and yet what interests are soon to be committed to these children! The salvation of our country and the world is suspended upon this issue. Has there ever been a time when it has been as important as now—the early conversion of the rising generation?

"The thought of what is before our children and youth is to me well-nigh overwhelming. May God help us all to do with our might what our hands find to do in this direction."

It is a hopeful sign when the hearts of our faithful pastors turn in the direction of practical results in our Sunday-school work. —*S. S. Banner.*

DON'T.

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

Don't imagine because a boy wears shabby clothing that he is a shabby boy. Just bear in mind there is more than one way of being shabby. When Edison, the great inventor, first came to Boston it was mid-winter, and he wore a pair of yellow linen trousers, probably the best he had; but they might have been called Seven-League Boots, if people had known what strides he would make into fame and fortune.

Don't think because a boy lives in a plain house and has a very plain face that he doesn't amount to much. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin; as for his face, it was noted for its homeliness.

Don't suppose that, because a boy isn't bright at his lessons, he doesn't know anything. Sir Walter Scott was thought to be a dull boy at school, and was chiefly noted for his good fighting, however he turned out to know a thing or two. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't be sure that because a boy's parents are ignorant he will be. Shakespeare's father couldn't write his own name.

Don't get the idea that a boy who is slow, awkward, or clumsy in any way is certainly going to get left away behind in the race of life. Demosthenes had a harsh and stammering voice, but in spite of that he became one of the greatest orators that ever lived.

Don't despise or look down on any boy, or man either. For two reasons, don't do this: In the first place, because it is mean and unchristian and ungentlemanly; and secondly, because it is quite likely, no matter how well fixed you are now, that some day he will be in a position to look down on you.—*Treasure Trove.*

THE DYING TEACHER.

In Chicago, a teacher, whose health was rapidly failing, was missing from his class one Sunday. Mr. Moody, the now renowned evangelist, tried to teach that class, but failed to do anything with them. They were an awful class of girls. Early on Monday morning this young man came into the store where Mr. Moody worked, and, tottering and bloodless, threw himself upon some boxes, saying, "I have been bleeding at the lungs, and they have given me up to die." He was not afraid to die, but said, "I have got to stand before God and give an account of my stewardship, and not one of my Sunday-school scholars has been brought to Jesus. I have failed to bring one, and I haven't any strength to do it now." Mr. Moody got a carriage and took that dying man to each of the homes of his scholars. To each one he said, as best his frail voice would let him, "I have come to ask you to come to the Saviour," and then prayed for them as he never did before. In just ten days that whole class was brought to Jesus. "Some of the very best and most constant teachers Mr. Moody had before going to Europe were converted at that time, and they, in turn, have gathered many sheaves." Even Mr. Moody was led by this incident to throw up his business and give himself wholly to the work of God in saving souls. Who can estimate the number of souls that dying Sunday-school teacher, directly and indirectly, brought to Christ with the little strength he had remaining? It will be possible to know the aggregate number only at the great judgment day.

Ye who are yet clothed with youthful vigor, strength, and possibilities for good, go forth weeping and bearing precious seed. Like that dying man, do earnest personal work for the Master. Let each of your scholars feel that you care for his soul—that no joy would be greater to you than to see each of them coming to Christ.

Then pray, study and work, till the Master calls for you, that you may, with rejoicing, bring many sheaves with you, and hear it said: "Well done, good and faithful servant,.....enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Whoever well succeeds in life,
In persevering in the strife
To rescue souls from hell's dark door,
Shall shine in heaven forevermore.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 20.

ABRAHAM PLEADING FOR SODOM.—GEN. 18: 23-33.

COMMIT VERSES 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In wrath remember mercy.—Hab. 3: 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Christian's desire and prayer for the salvation of others.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 17: 1-8, 15: 22.
T. Gen. 18: 1-22.
W. Gen. 18: 23-33.
Th. Heb. 7: 1-28.
F. Rom. 8: 12-28.
Sa. John 8: 51-59.
Su. Ex. 32: 7-14, 31-39.

ABRAHAM.—Now 99 years old, with one child, Ishmael, son of Hagar. Sarah, 89 years old, and still childless.

INTRODUCTORY.—Fifteen years' pass away with few events, save the birth of Abraham's son Ishmail. Then the Lord appeared twice within three months, renewed his promises, changed the names of Abraham and Sarah as a token of their fulfilment, and established the covenant of circumcision. The lesson today is in connection with the second of these two appearances, or the sixth from the first call in Ur.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE HEAVENLY VISITANTS—three angels in the form of men visit Abraham and are welcomed. He was hospitable, and "entertained angels unawares" (Heb. 13: 2). THE THREATENED PUNISHMENT—God reveals to Abraham his purpose of destroying Sodom, where Lot lived. Sin had borne its fruit, and the wicked few must be destroyed in order to save the whole race from corruption. THE INTERCESSOR—Abraham. He had this privilege on account of his life of faith and obedience (v. 19). The prayer of the righteous man availeth much. Jesus Christ is our intercessor. FOR WHOM HE INTERCEDES—Lot, who had selfishly chosen Sodom, and for the wicked city which hated Abraham and his religion. 23. ABRAHAM DREW NEAR—to the Lord, who had come in the form of one of the three men (v. 22). DESTROY THE RIGHTEOUS WITH THE WICKED—in war, pestilence, earthquakes, this seems to be so; but note (1) that we do not always know the full circumstances; (2) God cares for each individual, and will permit only what is good for him (Rom. 8: 28); (3) life is not limited to this world; heaven will make all right; (4) often the righteous are partakers in the sin, when they have not done all they could to make the sinners better. 26. FIFTY RIGHTEOUS . . . I WILL SPARE ALL THE PLACE FOR THEIR SAKES—because so many good would be a holy leaven to keep the whole from being so wicked; and saving the others for their sakes would tend to lead them to repentance.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many times did God appear to Abraham with promises? (See Progress of Events.) Which of them is recorded in our last lesson? How many years between that lesson and this? What occurred during these 15 years?

SUBJECT: PRAYING FOR OTHERS.

I. A CITY EXPOSED TO RUIN.—Where was Abraham's home? What three visitors came to him one day? (18: 2; 19: 1.) Who was one of them? (Comp. Gen. 22: 11 with 16; Ex. 3: 2 with 6.) How did Abraham treat them? What duty is enforced by this incident, in the New Testament? (Heb. 13: 2.) What are we twice commanded by Paul to be? (Rom. 12: 13; 1 Tim. 3: 2.) To whom?

What did these angels reveal to Abraham? What was the moral character of Sodom? (13: 13; 18: 20.) Was it justice or mercy, or both, to destroy such a city?

Why is it necessary that sin be punished? Is just punishment cruelty or mercy? Show how the whole nation and the whole world would be corrupted if sin were not punished? Show that punishment of the few is mercy to the many.

II. THE INTERCESSOR (v. 23). Why was the divine purpose revealed to Abraham? (vs. 17-19.) What is said of the prayer of the righteous? (James 5: 16.) Why can only the righteous be effectual intercessors for others? (John 15: 14, 15.) Who intercedes for us? (Heb. 7: 22, 25.)

Is the power of interceding for others one of the fruits of a righteous life? Why do men need an intercessor? Why can God in answer to prayer, save men from punishment which would otherwise be inflicted? Is there any change in God's desire to save them, or in their circumstances, by means of prayer? Does this throw any light on the atonement?

III. FOR WHOM HE INTERCEDED.—What righteous man lived in Sodom? (2 Pet. 2: 7, 8.) Did Abraham pray for him alone? How were the Sodomites enemies of Abraham and of his religion? Why should he pray for such people? What precept of Christ did he fulfil? (Matt. 5: 44, 45.)

IV. THE INTERCESSION (vs. 23-33).—What was Abraham's plea? Does God punish the righteous with the wicked? (See Helps.) For whose sake did Abraham ask God to spare Sodom? How many times did he make this prayer? What was the least number who would save the city? How would the presence of the few righteous make it safe to spare the city? (See Helps.)

Was the prayer answered? Were the righteous destroyed with the wicked? Does God always hear our prayers for others? Give Scriptural examples of interceding for others! (Ex. 32: 7-14, 30-35; 1 Sam. 7: 3-10; 2 Chron. 6: 1-42; John 17: 1-26; James 5: 17-20.)

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 27.

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.—GEN. 19: 15-26.

COMMIT VERSES 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Escape for thy life.—Gen. 19: 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gen. 19: 1-7.
T. Gen. 19: 15-29.
W. 2 Pet. 2: 1-9.
Th. Prov. 1: 20-33.
F. Luke 17: 20-37.
Sa. Matt. 11: 16-30.
Su. 1 Cor. 8: 0-23.

LOCATION OF SODOM.—There are two opinions. 1. Till of late the general opinion was that the plain was at the southern end of the Dead Sea. About one-third of the distance from the southern end is a long peninsula, running nearly across the sea. North of this the sea is 1,200 feet deep; south of it, only three to thirteen feet deep. This southern bay, about fifteen miles long, is supposed to have been a fertile plain and the site of the cities destroyed at this time, but now sunk beneath the water. 2. The best scholars now regard the plain as situated at the northern end of the Dead Sea, near the mouth of the Jordan.

INTRODUCTORY.—The two angels who left Abraham went that same evening to Sodom, where Lot was sitting in the gate. He welcomed the two men to his home, where they were assaulted by the Sodomites. The angels afflicted them with blindness. This may have made Lot know they were angels with God's message. They told him that Sodom would be destroyed. He went to his sons-in-law and warned them; but he was to them as one that mocked.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. TO THE MOUNTAINS—the Moabite Mountains, that rise abruptly on the east side of the sea. 19. I CANNOT ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN—it was at some distance, he was old, with women under his care; the mountain was wild, and infested with wild beasts, and perhaps with robbers. 20. THIS CITY—Zoar (Little) among the foot-hills. 21. I HAVE ACCEPTED—God heard his prayer, although it was a foolish prayer, and Lot soon left it (v. 30). God knew better than he. 24. RAINED . . . BRIMSTONE AND FIRE—i.e., burning brimstone or bitumen; the word includes both. Sodom was in an oil region. The soil abounded in petroleum and bitumen. With earthquake and lightning, probably, God set this soil on fire, as sometimes occurs in our oil regions. 26. HIS WIFE LOOKED BACK FROM BEHIND HIM—she had lingered behind the others, and was overtaken by the flames. PILLAR OF SALT—she was probably incrusted with the salts that abound there, and looked like a pillar or mound.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What three persons had visited Abraham? Where did two of them go while he was pleading for Sodom? How did Lot receive them? How was he rewarded? Where was Sodom situated?

SUBJECT: ESCAPE FROM THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

I. UNHEEDED WARNINGS.—What announcement did the angels make to Lot? (v. 13.) Whom did he warn? (v. 14.) How did they treat his warnings? Why did they not believe? Do men still treat God's warnings in the same way? Why? What will be the result? (Prov. 1: 24-31.)

II. ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE (vs. 15-22).—What did the angels say early the next morning? What would tend to make Lot linger? What was the need of haste? Who escaped with Lot? Why must they not stay in all the plain? What favor did Lot ask of God? Why was it a foolish prayer? Was it granted? Did it do Lot any good? (v. 30.)

What angels does God send to warn us? Why is there need of haste in escaping from sin? Where alone is safety? What warnings does Christ found on this lesson? (Luke 17: 28-30.) What other Scripture warnings are there?

What passage in the New Testament does Lot's experience illustrate? (1 Cor. 3: 11-15.) What did Lot lose by going to Sodom to live? Why is it foolish to so live that our life work is lost, even if we are saved? Was Lot's prayer a mark of faith or unbelief? Are we wise enough to insist on any definite thing from God?

III. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WICKED (vs. 23-25).—What was the fate of Sodom? What other cities suffered with it? (Deut. 29: 23.) Were there any natural causes of this overthrow? Why was this punishment just? Show how it was also merciful. Will sinners be punished in like manner if they will not repent?

Give a fuller description of the natural causes of this destruction. Was it also miraculous? What is there in our natures through which God punishes sin? Is the punishment all natural?

IV. THE FATE OF THE BACKSLIDER (v. 26).—Who failed when partly escaped? What became of her? What lesson does Christ teach from this? (Luke 17: 32, 33.) What leads people now to look back? What warning does Paul give to backsliders? (Heb. 6: 4-6.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HEALTH AND ILL HEALTH OF WOMEN.

Under this title, Dr. Lucy M. Hall, associate Professor of Physiology at Vassar, is contributing a series of sensible articles to the Christian Union, which ought to set women to thinking that possibly help and health lie within themselves, not in specialists or tonics; and moreover, that their chronic disabilities are never to be overcome until the cause is removed. Dr. Hall does not hesitate to ascribe the immediate and provoking cause of so much sickness and suffering among her own sex to their heavy and unsuitable clothing, and says: "It is no wonder that many a weary woman has been dragged by her clothes to a sick bed, to her grave, or worse still to remain a chronic invalid, always to be cared for at the hands of the family doctor or a specialist."

Is the game, so costly, worth the candle? Not one woman in fifty would honestly confess that it is, but the difficulty is to convince the ordinary, unthinking woman that health or ill health is even remotely affected by the clothes she chooses to or is compelled by fashion to wear. If she is sick she thinks it is the doctor's business to cure her. Heavy skirts? High heels? What have they to do with dyspepsia, weak eyes or a pain in the back of her head or any other pet ache? And the poor abused body, protesting by these very aches that it has never a fair chance, sooner or later yields in the struggle, unable to make the language of suffering and pain understood.

"Fortunately," as Dr. Hall remarks, "women are hard to kill, or the world would soon become depopulated for want of mothers."

Of the shoes with which the fashionable woman and her imitators deform their feet and their gait, Dr. Hall says:

"The shape of the shoe is a matter of importance in a double sense. That the high-heeled shoe throws a part of the body out of its normal axis and prevents the natural spring of the foot, and that narrow toes cause a multiplicity of local ills are grave objections; but nature is bountiful and will adjust herself in a measure to such interferences. The backaches and headaches caused by the unnatural jar which comes to these parts from pegging about upon feet with the elasticity and spring all taken out of them can be borne. If the discomfort caused by corns, bunions or ingrowing toe nails makes you still more nervous, and possibly a little cross, your friends will probably bear with you, and an occasional trip on the stairs or a sprained ankle now and then will not hurt your sister though it may be a little hard upon you.

"The most serious objection is that women with such shoes and such feet will not, or rather cannot walk. They ride up and down in the street cars or other conveyances, instead of taking the vigorous tramp which would put new life into their lagging pulses, new strength into their muscles, new vigor into every movement."—*E. F. E., in Laws of Life.*

FAULTS OF THE MOUTH.

A horse-dealer looks carefully into the mouth of a horse before he buys him. So a wise teacher can tell a great deal about a boy or a girl by an inspection of the mouth.

There are the teeth, for example. Defective teeth may indicate an hereditary taint; usually they betray unsuitable food; too much sweet, too little of the stuff of which good teeth are made, a diet alluring to a dainty palate, but deficient in nutritive power. Good, plain, honest food, plainly cooked, usually gives good teeth. Look at the teeth of a Carolina negro of pure blood, who has lived all his days on hog and hominy, sweet potatoes and corn-bread. How white and perfect they are!

Our too dainty diet greatly increases our dependence on the tooth-brush. No doubt, if we all lived exactly as we ought to live, every part of the mouth would be self-cleansing. But no one does this. Hence the need of vigorous and judicious use of the tooth-brush, at least twice a day.

It is notorious that seven children out of every ten will neglect this duty unless they are sharply looked after by an uncompromising parent or teacher. But the neglectful seven should know that a stool of repentance awaits them, which is commonly called a dentist's chair, and there is not an instrument in the dentist's awful and glittering array that does not hurt more than a tooth-brush

Chewing gum is an abominable mouth-sin. In the first place, it spoils the look of the handsomest boy and the prettiest girl, giving the countenance an unseemly twist and creating constant motion when nature craves repose. It vulgarizes the most refined face and weakens the strongest one. Moreover, it prepares the way for tobacco by over-developing the muscles of the jaws, and creating an artificial need of exercising them. Habit is king of boys and men. The habit of chewing remains despotic when the palate is no longer satisfied with the mild flavor of gum. Then, tobacco, taken in its most nauseous and filthy form!

A bad mouth-habit is moistening the lead pencil. A good pencil needs no moisture, and a bad pencil is not improved by it. Some young ladies, when they are painting, use their mouths for bringing the brush to a fine point. A New York artist was paralyzed a few years ago by this habit, and only recovered an imperfect use of his limbs after two years' confinement to his room.

When we add to these sins of the mouth those of an unruly member within it, we can see that one who would know something of a pupil cannot do better than imitate the horse-merchant, and consider attentively his mouth. Yes, we are revealed and betrayed by our mouths, even though we utter not a word.—*Youth's Companion.*

RELIGION IN THE HOME.

REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

Let yours be a confessed religion. It was in the presence of tens of thousands of the children of Israel, with the first symptoms of the falling away that came after his death already beginning to show themselves, that Joshua witnessed this good confession, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." His was not to be the religion of nation or the religion of neighbors; all might reject God, and he be left alone; still the Lord Jehovah would be his God. As with Abraham leaving his father's house, and Israel leaving Egypt, his, too, was to be a religion of decision and confession; a coming out and being separate—one of a peculiar people unto the Lord. This is the religion we want in our family life, where not the example or authority of pious people, not inclination or pleasure, but God's own holy and blessed will, revealed in the leading of the Holy Spirit, is sought after as the law of the house. Oh! how often one hears it said: It can be no harm to dance, or to play cards, there are so many religious people, there are such earnest ministers, in whose houses it is done. How often parents where early married life was marked by decision and earnestness, have afterwards become conscious of declension and coldness, because they gave in to the desire to gratify their children or their friends. Oh! let us believe that though at first sight it may appear hard to be peculiar, yet, if we trust God for His guidance, and yield ourselves to His friendship and love to walk with Him, the blessing of separation will be unspeakable to ourselves, and our children too.

If this page be read by a father or a mother, or by father and mother together, who are *conscious* that their own and their house's service of God has not been as marked and clear as God and they would have it, let me venture a word of advice. Speak with each other of it. Say it out what you have often felt, but each has kept to himself, that it is your united desire to live as entirely for God as grace can enable you to do. If your children are old enough, gather them too, and ask if they will not join in the holy covenant, "We will serve the Lord." Let that covenant from time to time be renewed in a distinct act of consecration, that the conviction may be confirmed: We do want to be a holy family, a house where God doth dwell and is well pleased. Ours must be a home wholly consecrated to God. And be not afraid that strength will not be given to keep the vow. It is not we who have to do the work, and then bring it to God. It is with the Father in heaven, calling and helping and tenderly working both to will and to do in us, that we have to work. We may count upon Him as the inspirer, to accept and confirm, and Himself carry out the purpose of our heart, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!"

ABOUT DRESS.

Study your own style well, then buy what you need and of good quality. An all wool cashmere for winter and an all wool bunting for summer, made well and of a style likely to be unobtrusive when a year or two old, and with a black lace (plain net and of good quality, rather than an imitation Spanish lace of cotton) scarf, and eighty cents worth of white oriental lace for extra occasions, and one may look well for three seasons.

Linen collars and cuffs are economical and good enough for any occasion. Lace is for those that are better supplied with money. But three dollars for black lace is well spent, as one can wear it years in various ways. If too poor for good lace, wash your linen collars often, and from your window-sill take for hair and throat two geranium leaves and a heliotrope, verbena or geranium blossom, and none will miss your lace. With four small flower-pots one can have a variety of breast-knots.

Many a woman dresses better on a dollar a week than others on five times that; the former will buy a cream color bunting at 12½ cents a yard, or a gingham at nine, or a muslin at five, and next March she will make it up and line it with something on hand, trim it with lace that has served a half a dozen terms of service, and button it with handsome pearl buttons that she has had on some dress in use for the past seventeen years! Fact.

Such a woman will "have clothes" and surprise people that know her, and hear that she does not spend a dollar a year on millinery, yet has pretty bonnets, and even some "pretty things" laid away as unsuitable, or because she don't wish to wear the same thing always.

If not a born milliner, one can buy millinery with judgment, and pay a tasty friend seventy-five cents or a dollar to make them a bonnet, and will find that five dollars will then do more than fifteen at her usual milliners.

Woollen wrappers, calico house-dresses, aprons, petticoats and all underclothing buy ready-made; they are well-made, tasteful, and cheap. The cloth at retail would cost nearly as much as they can afford to sell it all made. But they buy by the million yards and cut the sizes by dozens at one sweep of their shears and sew them with machines run by steam or water.

Cloaks and shawls can be worn dozens of years, if purchased wisely, and are, except by the poorer classes and the ultra-fashionable.—*Cottage Hearth.*

TRUST YOUR DAUGHTERS.

Do mothers trust their children sufficiently? Perfect confidence between mother and daughter is a bond stronger than iron, and as lasting as the hills.

A lady, herself now a mother, told me that one of the bitterest memories of her childhood was of a day when her teacher accused her of a fault of which she was innocent, and sent to her mother a communication of her supposed guilt. The child asserted her innocence, but circumstances were against her and even her mother, to whom she had always spoken the truth, would not believe her. For hours the mistaken mother talked to the child, trying to make her confess—the poor little thing still asserting her innocence. The mother actually knelt and prayed that she might confess her sin. At last the sensitive little one's nerves were so overwrought, her whole being quivering with excitement and unjust treatment, she actually confessed herself guilty of a fault which she had never committed. But from that day to this, a reserve has existed between that mother and daughter which will never be broken down until in the light of eternity all these earthly stains and mistakes are washed away.

Such a case as this, it is to be hoped, is uncommon, but it is true. Oh, mothers, have faith in your children! It will be the greatest safeguard to them in this world of temptations to know in their hearts that "mother is trusting" them.

HOW TO KNOW GOOD MEAT.

Dr. Letheby lays down the following simple rules for the guidance of those in search of good meat:

1. It is neither of a pale pink, nor of a deep purple tint.

2. It has a marked appearance from the ramification of little veins of fat among the muscles.

3. It should be firm and elastic to the touch. Bad meat is wet, sodden and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.

4. It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable. Diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of physic. This is discoverable if the meat is chopped and drenched with warm water.

5. It should not shrink or waste much in cooking.

RECIPES.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart of graham flour, three quarts of flour, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of salt, one cup of yeast or one yeast cake. Mix soft with warm water using a spoon, raise over night, pour in the pans, deep pans are best, and bake slowly two hours. Do not sift the graham. You will find this very nice bread.

STEWED POTATOES.—*Ingredients.*—Potatoes, half a pint of cream, a piece of butter the size of an egg, white pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of flour. Pare and boil the potatoes, and set them away to cool; cut each potato, when cold, into six or eight pieces. Make the sauce of cream, butter, pepper and flour, let the potatoes cook in this for fifteen minutes.

FRIED SMELTS.—*Ingredients.*—Two dozen smelts, salt and pepper, a little flour, one pound of lard, parsley. Clean the smelts, cut off the gills, wash them well in cold water and dry them thoroughly. Put a little salt and pepper in the flour, into which roll the smelts. Put the lard in a frying pan, and when very hot put in your smelts and fry a light brown. Fry the parsley and place around the fish and serve.

DELICATE RAISIN CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, three cups flour, one teaspoon cream tartar mixed with the flour, one-half teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk. When the mixture is well beaten, add one cup seeded and chopped raisins, or one cup currants. The fruit should be floured carefully before adding it to the mixture. Bake in loaves.

APPLE AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.—*Ingredients.*—One tea-cupful of tapioca, six apples, one quart of water, one pint of milk, lemon peel, six eggs, loaf sugar. Cover the tapioca with three cupfuls of lukewarm water, and set in a tolerably warm place to soak for five or six hours, stirring now and then. Place the apples in a deep earthen dish, having first removed the cores, add a cupful of lukewarm water; cover closely, and steam in a moderate oven until they are soft, turning them occasionally that they may cook on all sides; then turn out the liquid in the dish, fill up the centre of each apple with loaf sugar. Stick a piece of lemon peel and a clove in each; pour over the tapioca, mixed with eggs and milk, and bake one hour. Eat warm or cold, with whatever sauce may be preferred.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

My first is in Job, but not in Isaiah.
My second is in Samuel, and also in Jeremiah.
My third is in dog, but not in cat,
My fourth is in frog, but not in rat,
My fifth is in adder, but not in asp,
My sixth is in hornet, but not in wasp;
My whole is the name of an animal.

SQUARE WORD.

A refuge.
Short for evening.
Short familiar of a Christian name.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of eight letters.
My 2, 7, 4 is at the present time;
My 2, 3, 5 is to be drowsy;
My 7, 5, 5, is alone;
My 5, 6, 3, 8 is to let go;
My 5, 6, 3, 4, 2 is to submerge;
My 1, 7, 4 is to scatter;
My whole is the name of a flower.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals, read downwards, form the names of one of the five continents and a country in it.

1. A state in Prussia.
2. A town in Northumberland.
3. A cape on the west coast of Turkey.
4. A river in England.
5. A port of France.
6. The capital of one of our colonies.
7. A French island in the Indian Ocean.
8. A mountain in the Himalayas.
9. A cape off Portugal.
10. A town in Bavaria.
11. The capital of one of the French colonies.
12. A mountain chain in South America.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

Knights of Labor.

ADJECTIVE PUZZLE.—
1. Spy, Spire Spiced.
2. Fee, Fear, Feast.
3. Toe, Tore, Toast.
4. Ye, Year, Yeast.
5. Boo, Boor, Boost.

INITIAL CHANGES.—Fane, Cane, Dane, Jane, Mane, Lane, Pane, Sane, Vane, Wane, Bane, Kane.

The Family Circle.

THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition; in sickness, in health,
In joy or deep sorrow, in want or in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the *land*, on the *sea*,
As the day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot give up to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never! no, never! no, never forsake!
—*Kirkham.*

"DON'T FORGET."

Written by Maude Tate, Brookfield, Manorhamilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

When Madge had been a little over a week in Brierly, Dr. Ellis came to pay his promised visit. Mrs. Lawrence had been told of his intended arrival, and soon after he came discreetly withdrew, leaving the lovers alone. The doctor was not slow to take advantage of her absence, and in manly terms told Madge of his deep and sincere love, and asked her to be his wife.

Madge listened to the old, old story with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, and when he had finished she raised them to his, and said, *falteringly*—

"Charley, I do love you; but before I promise to be your wife there is something I want you to do."

"What is it, little one?" he asked, smiling.

"I want you to become a total abstainer," she said firmly.

"A total abstainer!" he echoed, in utter astonishment. "You must be dreaming, Madge. What put such an idea into your head?"

In a few words Madge told him her reason for making such a request, speaking with tears in her eyes of her cousin's miserable, unhappy life, and ended by saying unless he signed the pledge she would never marry him.

He did his best to reason her out of this resolve, using every argument and entreaty he could think of; but all in vain. Madge remained as firm as a rock. Seeing she was not to be moved, the young man soon left the house in bitter anger and annoyance, declaring he never would sign the total abstinence pledge.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lawrence, on hospitable thoughts intent, was busy in her little kitchen, while Daisy kept running from the hall to the kitchen, playing with her doll. Thinking at length that dolly was tired with so much play, her little mistress stood for a moment in the hall considering the advisability of putting her to bed, when her father opened the door with his latch-key and came in. The doll was immediately dropped on the floor, and Daisy running up to him caught his hand, saying eagerly—

"Bring Daisy for a walk, papa."

He had frequently taken her out before, to her great delight, and, always willing to indulge her, he returned—

"All right, puss. Where's your hat and jacket?"

Daisy in glee ran off to her mother for them, and the latter, first coming into the hall to see whether her husband was in a fit state to take charge of the child—a sad but necessary precaution—got the hat and jacket and put them on, and soon Daisy and her father were walking along the street.

The latter had come straight home from the hotel, where each day he spent more and more of his time and money. As he and Daisy were passing it now, a dissipated-looking man came to the door.

"You're the very man I wanted to see, Lawrence," he said. "Come in for a minute."

Lawrence looked at Daisy and hesitated.

"The child can play about the door until you come out," continued the tempter. "I will not detain you long."

"Daisy, stand at the door until I come out," said her father, letting go the little clinging hand. "This gentleman wants me for a minute."

Daisy had never been left alone before in a strange place, and her lips quivered pitifully as her father disappeared into the hotel bar. The minutes passed slowly to the waiting child. Five minutes, ten minutes, and still he did not come. At length Daisy thought if she walked into the middle of the street her father would see her from the window and come out to her. So, summoning her courage, she left the door, and, standing in the middle of the street, fixed her eyes on the hotel windows.

At this moment a horse and car came down the street, driven at reckless speed. The driver was evidently drunk, and either did not see the tiny figure standing on the road, or else could not pull up his horse in time to save her. At all events, when he did pull up, poor Daisy was lying on the street with closed eyes and a stream of blood flowing from a wound on her head, where the wheel of the car had just grazed it.

A crowd gathered instantly, but it was a young man who had come walking along the street with frowning brows and angry eyes who lifted the little insensible figure in his arms—

"Who does she belong to?" he asked hoarsely.

"Mr. Lawrence," was the reply; while a woman's voice added, with a sob in it, "God help her poor mother!"

Dr. Ellis, for it was he, felt his heart sink at the thought of the task before him—of having to tell poor Mary Lawrence that her little Daisy, the sole joy and comfort of her saddened life, was dying; for his practised eye saw that the little one's days were numbered.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish and dismay in Edward Lawrence's home when Dr. Ellis arrived with his tiny burden.

The hours passed slowly to the watchers round Daisy's bed, but at length, near midnight, to their joy, the white eyelids opened, and the child's big brown eyes gazed round at each of them.

"Daisy tired waiting," she whispered. "Papa, please come and bring Daisy home."

"You are at home now, darling," said her mother.

"Then where's papa? Daisy wants him."

"Papa will come to see you in the morning, dear; but you must not talk any more now. You are sick."

"Yes; my head sick. Muddie," opening her eyes very wide, "you 'member the booful city you told me about—am I going there now!"

"If it is God's will," said poor Mary, in a choking voice.

"And won't you come, muddie? and cousin Mads? Daisy will wait for you at the gate."

"Yes, my darling, we will."

"And papa? Daisy wants papa to come too. Tell him Daisy wants him."

"Yes, dear; but try and sleep now."

"No; Daisy wants papa, now," she said entreatingly.

"Perhaps I ought to go for him, Mary," whispered Madge.

"No; I will go myself," and with tottering steps Mary left the room.

She opened the parlor door softly, and found her husband sitting at the table, with his face buried in his hands.

"Edward, Daisy wants you," she said.

"Is she conscious?" he asked quickly, raising his sunken, bloodshot eyes to hers. He seemed to have grown ten years older-looking since Mary saw him last.

"Yes, and is calling for you."

"Thank God," he said fervently. "Mary, if she recovers, I will never drink spirituous liquor again."

"Don't put in any proviso," returned Mary. "Oh, Edward, Edward, husband! if you would only promise, even now, never to touch the wine cup again!"

"I will promise," he said. "With God's help, I never will touch it again. Oh, Mary! if I had only taken your advice long ago our precious Daisy would not be ——. Oh, Mary, you must hate me! Will you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, Edward, I do forgive you even as I hope to be forgiven. But come, Daisy is waiting."

Daisy's brown eyes brightened at sight of her father.

"Oh, papa," she said, "Daisy is going to wait for muddie and cousin Mads at the gate of the booful city, and for you, too—won't you come, papa?"

"Yes, my darling, I will," he said, while the heavy tears rolled down his face.

"Don't forget," she said, fixing her eyes earnestly upon him. "I'm sleepy now, muddie," she added; "but I must say my prayers," and, folding her tiny hands, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then began—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to night,"

when the little, weak voice suddenly failed, the white eyelids closed, and with a gentle sigh Daisy's pure spirit entered the gates of the Beautiful City.

Edward Lawrence kept his promise manfully and bravely, and never again touched the wine cup. He had struggles and temptations, both within and without, to endure that well-nigh overpowered him, but when tempted almost beyond endurance Daisy's little warning, "Don't forget," would flash across his mind just in time to stay the hand that had been almost stretched out for the tempting glass. After a little he became possessed of another and more enduring safeguard, and—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son"

he not only became a confirmed abstainer himself, but also a powerful and successful advocate in the cause of temperance, in which noble work Dr. Ellis also worked with the energy and perseverance it so well deserves, for the day after Daisy's death he brought joy and gladness to Madge's heart by coming to her with a little bit of blue ribbon to sew on his coat, and while she neatly stitched it on he again urged his suit, and this time with perfect success.—*B. T. League's Pictorial Tract.*

TAKE IT TO THE MAKER.

When I was young, I was sent to a boarding-school in Germany. It happened one summer I was obliged to spend my holidays there, because of illness in my home; and during those summer holidays my birthday occurred. I was fifteen that birthday. To my great delight I received a box from home; it contained a cake, birthday presents from brothers and sisters and servants, and at the bottom, wrapped in silver paper, a small morocco case, inside which, resting on white velvet, lay a beautiful little gold watch—a gift from my father and mother.

You will easily imagine how charmed I was, and how for many days my thoughts were occupied with my new treasure. There were watch-pockets, lined with wash-leather, to be made in all my dresses; a watchstand to be bought, for never, I thought, must my precious possession be left lying flat; that might interfere with the works, or something might be put upon it so as to break the glass. I was very much surprised at the recklessness of some of my companions, who would put their watches under their pillows to save trouble in the morning, or pin them outside their dresses for show.

But, alas! I in my turn grew careless; I left my watch-chain dangling over the edge of my dressing-table; my foot caught in it as I climbed on a chair to open the window, and down came watch-stand and watch on the floor with a bang. I found, when with trembling fingers I picked up my watch, that it had stopped.

And now what was to be done? I couldn't get on without it—that was certain; so I asked leave to show it to the German clockmaker's assistant who came weekly to regulate the timepieces in Fraulein Miller's establishment. He gave me a very elaborate explanation of the injuries my watch had sustained; so that, although I could not understand him, I concluded he could repair the mischief.

The following week he restored my watch, with a charge that nearly exhausted my pocket-money; but I was so happy in the recovery of my treasure that this did not distress me much. For a few weeks all was well; then my watch took strangely capricious turns; it would go right half the time, or stand still two or three hours, and resume work of its own accord. I moved the regulator backwards and forwards, but all in vain. Not caring to give it again to a German watchmaker, I resolved, as I was going home shortly, to wait and have it set to rights in London.

Accordingly, one of my first walks with my father, after my return home, was to the shop—an old established city house—where my watch had been bought. The head partner, a kind-looking, white-haired man, who was an old friend of my father, came forward at once. He examined my watch for a minute or two by means of a glass fixed in his eye.

"This is rather a bad job," he said, at length, looking puzzled. "Do you know how your watch was hurt, miss?"

"I let it fall," I answered, feeling very anxious.

"But has it not been meddled with since?" he asked.

"Yes," put in my father. "She was abroad at school, and gave it to some foreigner to repair."

The old watchmaker shook his head.

"That was a great pity," he said. "We can put to rights any watch of our make, whatever may be the matter with it, if it's only been hurt by an accident; but it's a very different thing when strange hands have meddled with it. I don't say we can't set it right now; but it will cost a good deal, and I'm afraid we must keep it some time. Remember, my dear young lady, whenever again you've anything wrong with your watch—whether it's a broken mainspring, or only a little dirt in the works—take it to the maker. Not a bad rule that, sir," he added, turning with a quiet smile, to my father, "when we want setting to right ourselves."

"No, indeed," answered my father, who delighted in finding great truths in little things; "it's a most useful lesson to learn from a broken watch."

"Yes, sir," replied the old man; "it's been taught me in many ways by my trade. When customers break their watches, and, like your daughter, try to have them repaired by those that know nothing about their make, there's ever so much more trouble and cost than if they were brought straight to us. It seems to me that's the way we go on sometimes—even those of us who have learned what it is, in one way, to be saved by Christ, who have got new works, so to say—when we've hurt our souls by a fall; we go trying all sorts of things to bring ourselves right again, instead of remembering that God alone understands how to repair the works of His hands. Then, again, some people seem to think that because they've got a watch made by a good maker, and nothing particular that they know of has happened to injure it, it will go all right to the end of their lives. But the best watch that ever was made, sir, wants cleaning pretty often; and isn't that just what our Lord teaches us? that though he's given us a new nature once for all, we can't go on through this evil world without continual cleansing; and there's nothing for that but to take ourselves again and again to the Maker."

The old watchmaker's parable was a great help to me. I had come to the Lord Jesus Christ for forgiveness, but I had not learned to see with any clearness that I could not save myself from the power of sin. Now I saw that all my self-made rules and resolutions, and the influence of good people and good books, which I felt had done so little for me, were very like my meddlings with the regulator of my watch and the blunderings of the foreigner. I saw that God must be not alone my light and my salvation, but also the strength of my life; that since I was his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, He Himself by His Spirit and His word must continually repair and cleanse and regulate my heart and life, if they were to follow truly in the path of the Sun of Righteousness.—*Friendly Greetings.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAN owns a dog which picked up a stick of wood dropped by a servant who was carrying an armful from the woodshed to the kitchen, walked up to the stove and deliberately placed it therein as carefully as a person could have done. At another time a young man accidentally dropped his handkerchief, and then entered the house. The dog picked up the article and scratched at the door until the owner came, to whom he restored the missing property.—*Selected.*

ENGLISH FIREMEN!

BY LADY HOPE.

Have you ever seen them?

Shining helmets all of brass, dark coats with glittering buttons, and polished metal belts; great stalwart figures, faces bronzed with much exposure to the heat and cold, strong arms and hands and feet, ready to do or die! Here they come; dashing down the street, amidst the clouds of dust and smoke. A fire is raging close at hand. Beneath the firemen's uniform there beat some strong brave hearts to-night. The cries of terrified inhabitants will fall upon their ears, too soon—poor men and women, and little children, too, who have found themselves besieged by flames, and buried in fierce blasts of rising smoke.

The fire has broken out all unawares, and houses, high and tall, are falling victims to its power, one by one.

Just as the fire-engine with its little regiment of valiant men had passed through Fender Lane, a mile and some three-quarters from this terrible scene, a window had been opened hastily, while a woman's face looked out. Two children were beside her; a lighted candle was in her hand.

One of the firemen looked up! His name was Jack Macnaughten. He recognized the faces, for he knew them well. He saw his wife and children there.

"God bless them every one!" he said, and blew a kiss across the evening air, waving his hand to them.

At that very moment the little candle went out, and the window was in darkness as before. But a shining light of love and a strong heart-beating of new daring and new courage were the legacy they left in one brave fireman's heart.

Yes! John Macnaughten carried with him the memory of that look, and it nerved his heart and hand for deeds of daring on this perilous night Mrs. Macnaughten was a godly woman. She had helped her husband day by day, with gentle influence, home affection, and many soul-sustaining looks and words and deeds of love. She shared his best ambitions, and encouraged them, and never, never, by the faintest sign, attempted to dissuade him from the dangers that fell so often to his lot.

So when he gained his honors, and rewards, as certainly he did from time to time, she had the pleasure, too, of knowing that she had helped to win them.

On this night, as the fire-engines, and the men that manned them, drew near to the scene of fire and smoke, flames and falling houses, and all the terrible incidents that accompany the burning of a street, it was only too evident that but few houses to the right of them could by any possibility be saved.

One reddening mass of bricks and mortar, that seemed to glow beneath the heat, was tottering and bowing, swaying to and fro. Another moment: a shout of "Danger" from the crowd beyond, and then it fell with crashes, just like thunder, upon the opposite dwellings in the street.

Faster than words can tell the tale, neighbors and police and firemen were hurrying forth the occupants from the adjoining block. Fathers and mothers, and little children wrapped in all the strangest garments, all the clothes they could most hurriedly collect—were trooping out upon the pavement; some with screams and cries, some stupefied and dazed, their eyes set with a stony stare; while others, half-asleep, were almost lifted from their beds and carried to a place of safety.

One little group attracted more attention than the rest. A father and mother, with three little ones, stood wildly gazing at the spreading flames, as though they scarcely could think it was not all a dream that they beheld! But in one sudden moment, a terrific scream burst from the mother's lips, rang through all the crowd, and echoed down the street.

"My child!" she cried; "my child! My little one! Father! have you not seen her! I thought you held her in your arms! Oh! my child! my child! We have left her in the flames! Can no one save my child?"

One moment later, and the firemen had placed a ladder to the wall of this very house—the one in which the parents thought they had left their child. A man with a dark-blue uniform and brazen helmet, sprang to the lowest rung, and began to climb. His foot was sure and swift, and he ascended rapidly. But when he had climbed half-way, he reeled and staggered, overcome by the fierceness of the heat. In another minute he was at the foot of the ladder again.

"No man can do it!" he said, turning away.

"'Never say die!'" a second shouted, and began to scale, with a firm foot, the ladder steps.

He, too, was baffled by the flames, and turned back overcome.

"Impossible!" he cried. "Too late! too late!"

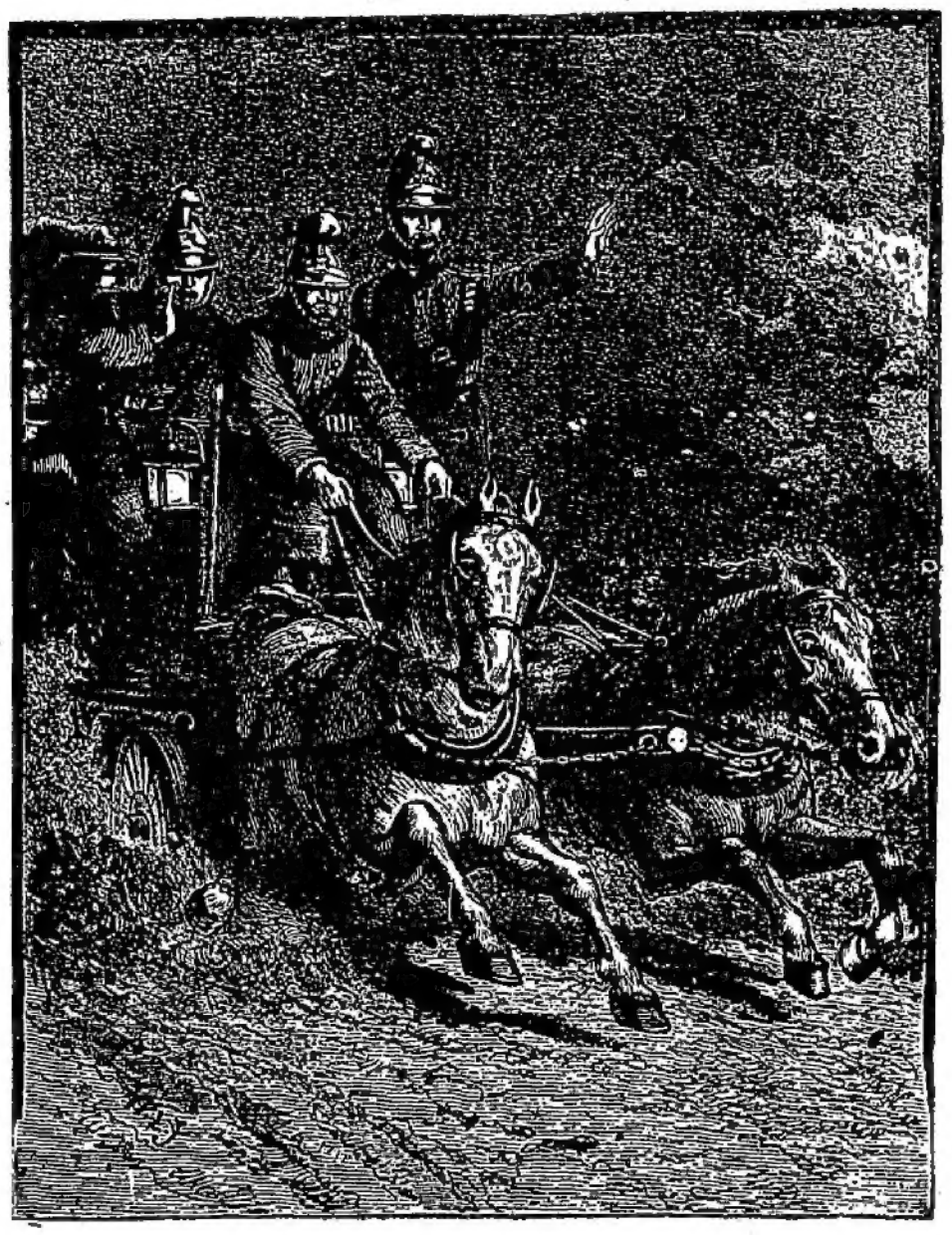
These words, amidst the tumult that was raging on all sides, just reached the mother's ears. She gave one piteous cry in answer,—

"Oh! save my child! My little one! Will no one save my child?"

Then, pushing his way through all the crowd, assembled now to thousands down below, Macnaughten, with his stalwart form, cool head, and ready hand, came to the front.

"I will try!" he said. "Yes, mother, I have little ones of my own. I will save your child."

And then he placed his foot upon the lowest rung, ascending steadily. The crowd below were watching breathlessly. Macnaughten had just reached the second window from the roof, when he, too, seemed to



hesitate, as though he could not push his way amidst the flames.

A sudden cry was raised,—

"Give him a cheer, boys! give him a cheer!" and in a moment thousands of voices rang through the midnight air, in long and loud hurrahs.

The man upon the ladder heard the sounds, and took another step and another,—and then another. He had reached the burning window now.

A silence rested on the crowd. They watched, oh! how eagerly, the fate of the man whom they had sent to do this terrible work. Would he ever return? Could he save the child?

First, a long suspense, then an eager, upward straining of many, many eyes, and then a cry of glad relief! Macnaughten, with a baby in his arms, was slowly coming down, his form quite visible amidst the glare of flames above his head.

"Alive or dead?" they asked themselves. "Oh, has he saved the child?"

Yes, brave fireman Jack! you have done your work to-night, and done it well! God bless you for your bravery!

Silently and slowly, down he came, bearing his precious burden, till he reached and met the mother's outstretched arms.

"Here, mother, I have saved your child!" he said, and fainted dead away, exhausted with the labor and suffering of his task.

"Brave Jack!" his comrades said, and rallied round him. "Brave Jack has saved the child!"

"We saved it by our cheers!" the crowd replied. And thus they shared the task so nobly done. God help us, friends, to do the same, and share in His great work on earth by sympathy and love!—*Friendly Visitor.*

EXPOSED TOO EARLY.

One day last summer a group of florists and flower-lovers was gathered in a garden in a small town in New Jersey. The owner of the garden had succeeded in cultivating the Victoria Regia, the famous Australian lily, the rarity and beauty of which make it the queen of flowers in the eyes of horticulturists.

"I once had a root of the Victoria sent to me," said a bystander, "by a friend in Australia. He told me much of its size and wonderful beauty, but gave me no directions as to its culture. I exposed it to our hot July suns. The bulb grew and soon bloomed, but the flower was shrunken and mildewed. It was injured at the root."

Among the bystanders were two little girls of thirteen. They were the children of sensible men and modest, well-bred women, but these children dressed gaudily, talked loudly, and pushed into the front places. They were boarders in a summer hotel in the neighborhood, where they could be seen on the porches by day and in the ball-room by night, dancing, playing cards, and talking to young men, with a ludicrous attempt to imitate the flirting and coquettish airs of older women.

Their mothers looked on with an indulgent smile at their "childish folly," forgetting that this is folly which leaves an indelible stain. No after culture nor remorse can bring back the lost blushes to a woman's cheek.

"I was engaged twice at sixteen," said a middle-aged woman, lately. "I married neither of these early lovers, but another man, years afterward, and have been for thirty years his faithful wife. Yet I would give half the happiness of my life if I could say to my husband that his lips were the only ones that had ever touched mine."

A woman may acquire sense, judgment and reserved manners with advancing years, but the modesty and refinement of youth once lost never can return.—*Youth's Companion.*

MR. COOK, THE EXCURSIONIST.

Mr. Thomas Cook, of world-wide "touring" fame, has favored me with a copy of "Drinks and Drinking, in Connection with Excursions and Tours at Home and Abroad." With sincere pleasure he records that he "carried his temperance flag round the world," never having contracted for the supply of drink. He began his "excursion" career in Scotland, where the native love of whiskey proved at times a difficulty. In Ireland he was more fortunate, for his first tours there were during Father Matthew's great temperance work, and he had a gratifying interview with the Irish "apostle of temperance," who confessed himself under great obligations to Mr. Cook for initiating a fund which had brought him comfort in his declining years. By his Midland Railway agency alone he conveyed 150,000 persons to the London Exhibition, 1851, and a large proportion of them were lodged in houses where no drink was sold. Mr. Cook found the French system of supplying wine to dinner without extra charge led many to indulge in stronger drinks; and from what he saw of French soldiers he believed their drunkenness was the cause of the French defeat by the Germans. Wine drinking in France, Switzerland, and Italy he found "one of the prevailing torments of the people." In Italy he had to remonstrate with his tourists for drinking recklessly the common wines of the country, saying "Gentlemen, do not invest your money in diarrhœa." In arranging tours for Palestine, passengers requiring spirits for camping tours had to procure them through the dragoman, the Messrs. Cook realizing no profit from any such transaction. "At Nazareth it was a great delight to be able to drink at the pure fountain from which the maidens of the city" procured water for home uses. In Palestine he found no difficulty in obtaining good water, and felt no need to resort to the native wines. He says only a small proportion of the Syrian grapes were made into wine, and the strong drink sold at Jerusalem was one of the simplest of intoxicants. He mentions a party in the Holy Land of which the Rev. Newman Hall and other ministers were members, and states its teetotal contingent were the most free from "little ailments, especially diarrhœa." The filtered Nile water at Cairo he describes as fine and pure, and he should not be surprised if, as he was told, "the inhabitants of the country get fat on Nile water." In India, China, Japan and America he never lacked pure water. In the Western States of America he saw the passengers rush to large glasses of what seemed like sherry, but it turned out to be cold tea, to which he gives the palm as a thirst-quencher. Mr. Cook's forty years varied experience enables him to assert that in all climates total abstinence is advantageous to health.—*Methodist Recorder.*

DIFFERENT KINDS OF PAY.

Different kinds of work have different kinds of pay. Some work pays most in money, some work pays more in health, some work pays mostly in fame, and some kinds of work don't pay much in any of these, but yet pay high in happiness.

Don't make the big mistake to begin with, that boys so often make, of thinking they will choose a business that will pay them high in every way. There isn't any such business.

Make up your mind that if you are going to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a teacher you will have to take a part of your pay out either in fame or in the happiness of doing good to your fellow-men. You can't tell how much pay will come in this way and how much will be in cash, but be prepared to take it as it comes.

And this leads up to the last thought I want to give you this month. The higher any kind of business pays in one way the less it usually pays in the other ways, and that is what keeps the balance even, so that every one is paid in some way for his work. Thus, good and faithful teachers do not receive half the money pay for their work that they deserve; but they receive one kind of pay very high, in knowing that they are doing the noblest and grandest work in the world.—*Arthur F. Harkness, in*

PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Short is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

Driver was he for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

Day and night, in all kinds of weather,
He and the engine he drove together.

I can fancy this Phillips as one in my mind
With little of speech to waste on his kind,

Always sharp and abrupt of tone,
Whether off duty or standing on,

With this firm belief in himself that he reckon'd
His duty first; all the rest was second.

Short is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen upon the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were waggons piled up in the air
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rush'd
Through the safety-valves of the engine crush'd

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath
The tender wheels with their grip of death

They drew him, scalded by steam and burn'd
By the engine fires as it overturn'd.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
They knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four-feet way—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone.

"Signal the South Express!" he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his stoker, dead.

Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet blast of fame,

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.
—*Good Words.*

THE WHITE FRILL.

"Couldn't you put a little white into your mourning?" said Ellen Douglas to Lucy Hayne, one bright morning in June. "I mean just a frill or something. Mother says it's so dreary to see you going about all in black. Sick people get fancies, you know, and that's a fancy of mother's; though, perhaps, she wouldn't be pleased at my telling you."

The speaker was a good-tempered girl of about seventeen; and though the words may seem hard, they were not unkindly spoken. Ellen was a farmer's daughter, a healthy, happy girl, and very fond of her cousin, who had lost her mother a little before Christmas. Lucy's father had died when she was a baby, and in losing her mother she had lost her home, and was now living with her uncle and aunt Douglas.

Lucy made no answer. The tears came into her eyes, and she felt, it must be owned, a little hurt. But she was a good girl, and loved her aunt dearly; and, indeed, she had much cause to do so. It happened that very afternoon her uncle gave her a beautiful white rose, and she pinned it into her dress, on purpose to try and make herself look brighter for her aunt.

Mrs. Douglas noticed it directly, and said, "I'm afraid Ellen hurt your feelings, my dear, by what she said this morning. She told me afterwards she wished her words back again the minute they were spoken. But she did not mean to be unkind; only she is too anxious to give in to all my fancies. And really that rose does look nice—like a little bit of hope in the midst of your great sorrow."

A word sometimes takes deep root, especially in a mind like Lucy's. She thought over what her aunt had said; for she was a thoughtful girl, and she had not sorrowed as one without hope. Why, then, should her dress give no expression to the hope, but only to the sorrow?

That very moment she looked up, and saw how the sun, which was breaking through a heavy cloud, had given to it its "silver lining;" and Lucy's heart was not slow to receive the lesson. But she said nothing. She was in the habit of looking up, not at the earthly sky only and the material sun. The spirit within looked up, and sought the illumination of the Sun of Righteousness.

Every night before Lucy went to bed, she read a few verses in her Bible, and thought about them, praying that her mind might be enlightened to understand them. And she tried sincerely to act out what she read. She was reading through St. Paul's Epistles, and this night she read the 5th chapter of the first of Thessalonians, as far as the 16th verse—"Rejoice evermore."

THE FAITHFUL SHEEP DOG.

There she stopped, for she wanted to read it all again.

Three verses particularly struck her.

First, St. Paul says, we are "all the children of light and the children of the day."

How often words like these are used in speaking of those who follow Christ! And does not "the light" and "the day" mean joy as well as purity?

Lucy thought it must; and the 10th verse gave her such a feeling of reunion with her mother that she found a reason for rejoicing, and learnt the verse before she closed her Bible: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Such comfort this gave her that she wondered less at the words "Rejoice evermore" when she came to them the second time, and felt that it might be possible, after all, even to rejoice in suffering.

As Lucy put away her Bible, her eye fell upon the white rose, which was lying on the table, looking faded and sad enough.

"Poor rose!" she said to herself; "I will give you some water. Mother was so fond of roses."

The next morning it was quite revived, and she fastened it again into her dress. As she did so, some thoughts which came into her mind about it gave her a lighter heart than she had had for a long while. She entered her aunt's room with a look more than resigned; it was cheerful, for a flood of light seemed to have broken in on her cloud of sorrow.

Before the day was over she put a white frill into her dress, as Ellen had requested her. "After all, it's more Christian," she said to herself. "Surely Ellen is right; and one ought always to have a little white in one's mourning."

Perhaps, reader, you would like to know what Lucy's thoughts were about the flower. Well, I will tell you.

As she noticed how it revived in the water, she remembered that God's Holy Spirit is often compared to water in the Bible; and she thought, "God will send Him upon me if I ask Him earnestly; and He will just give me fresh life every day, and help me to be cheerful."

After this Lucy would as soon have forgotten to wash her face in the morning as neglect to ask for that dew from heaven which she wanted so much to refresh and strengthen her soul. She became quite noted for her cheerfulness; and, though she had many severe trials, she was always ready to forget her own sorrows in trying to sustain and comfort others. The Lord had indeed given her "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—*Friendly Greeting.*

PRINCESS WINNEMUCCA.

Princess Sarah Winnemucca is a daughter of a chief of the Piute tribe in Nevada who passed the early part of her life in the barbarous ways of her people. When her childhood was long departed the opportunities for education came to her, and she made most excellent use of them. Her attainments became such as to command the respect of her white neighbors and make her an intelligent leader of the scattered remnants of her tribe. Among her good works is the establishment of a school for Indian children in Nevada. She is very active for her people, and loses no opportunity to urge them forward in the path to civilization. And especially does she exhort them to profit by the lessons of education. A letter which she recently wrote to some of her people living in Inyo county, California, is a model of Indian eloquence and argument, and is worthy of preservation. It would be hard to find in all the literature of pedagogies a stronger appeal to the untutored mind to avail itself of educational advantages. It is a proof of the capacity of the Indian intellect and its fitness for cultivation. Few who read it will remain skeptical. She writes:

"Brothers and Sisters—hearing that you are about to start a school to educate your children, I want to say a word about it. You all know me; many of you are my aunts or cousins. We are of one race—your blood is my blood, so I speak to you for your good. I can speak five tongues—three Indian tongues, English and Spanish. I can read and write, and am a school teacher. Now I do not say this to boast, but simply to show what can be done. When I was a little girl there were no Indian schools; I learned under great difficulty. Your children can learn much more than I know, and much easier, and it is your duty to see that they go to school. There is no excuse for ignorance. Schools are built here and there, and you can have as many as you need; all they ask you to do is to send your children. You are not asked to give money or horses—only to send your children to school. The teacher will do the rest. He or she will fit your little ones for the battle of life, so that they can attend to their own affairs instead of having to call in a white man. A few years ago, you owned this great country; to-day the white man owns it all, and you own nothing. Do you know what did it? Education. You see the miles and miles of railway, the locomotive, the Mint in Carson, where they make money. Education has done it all. Now, what it has done for one man it will do for another. You have brains same as the whites, your children have brains, and it will be your fault if they grow up as you have. I entreat you to take hold of this school, and give your support by sending your children, old and young, to it, and when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they will bless you."—*Home Journal.*

SAVED BY A SHEEP-DOG.

Professor Sedgwick was staying in Cumberland with a college friend of his whose father farmed his own estate. His friend said to him one day: "As you are so fond of dogs, you should ask my father to tell you how his life was saved by his favorite shepherd dog." The Professor was not slow to ask his host, who related the following story:

"One winter's afternoon, when I was a young man, my father said to me: 'There is a snow-storm coming on. Ride up the mountain and see that that valuable flock of sheep we have lately bought is properly folded.' So off I set, mounted on a frisky colt, and accompanied by my favorite dog. My errand over, I was returning home when my horse not only kicked me off, but kicked me afterward, so that my leg was frightfully broken. You can imagine my peril. The night was coming on, the snow falling heavily, and I could not move. In desperation I dipped my glove in my blood and gave it to my sheep-dog, saying: 'Take this straight home—let no one stop you from going into the parlor to my father, and fetch me help.' As if the dog had understood every word, he seized the glove and rushed home. The servants tried to catch him in vain—he forced his way into the parlor and dropped the glove on the old man's lap, whining piteously. My father recognized the glove, saw that some accident had occurred, gathered the men on the farm, and, led on by the dog, came to my rescue, and I was soon safely at home, thanks to my faithful sheep-dog."—*Children's Magazine.*

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, says:—"When I take wine I think it weakens my work and my working force the next morning."

MRS. DENNETT'S DIFFICULTY.

BY FRANCES J. DYER.

Mrs. Dennet was the minister's wife in a country parish. He had left a city church on the Atlantic coast for recuperation in an inland village, and in less than a month his wife was made president of the sewing circle, the missionary society, the temperance union, the young people's club, the mission circle, and the society for social and mental improvement. Being a woman of tact, as well as of large executive ability, she was not overwhelmed by these manifold honors and bravely set about the tasks assigned her. Usually she did not worry her husband with any annoyances that grew out of her work, but one day a difficulty arose which compelled her to seek his advice.

"It's the fair, John," she said in answer to his look of enquiry, as she dropped into a chair in the study. "I managed the strawberry festival and Christmas entertainment and all the other things last year, without greatly damaging my principles, but when it comes to raffling for the parson's salary I'm dead set against it."

"Is it necessary to have a fair?" asked John, rather helplessly.

"Of course not; but the women think it is, which amounts to the same thing. When I feebly remonstrated at the last sewing-circle, you should have heard the outcry. They all declared that such a thing as not having a fair every spring was unheard of, and Jane Sibley thought she clinched the argument by saying, 'Why, Mis' Dennett, we made fifteen dollars clear gain last year just from the guess-cake!'"

"Can't you arrange some compromise?" enquired Mr. Dennett, who had great faith in his wife's inventive genius.

"I don't want any compromise," was the energetic reply. "Paul gave the most sensible rule that has ever been laid down on the subject of giving in his first letter to the Corinthians, but I cannot convince these women of its reasonableness. I've been through the religious papers this afternoon, hoping to get some help; but while they all condemn the methods, no one suggests how to introduce better ones. Please read that, and Mrs. Dennett passed her husband a sheet of paper on which was pasted the following extracts:

We regard this as one of the chief reasons why the church holds so little power over the world. She has put herself so commonly in the attitude of a mendicant, often in the character of a mountebank, that the world has lost a large share of its respect for her and for her teachers. These ways of obtaining money for the use of the church are like the selling of indulgences, and have the same power to hurt the cause of true religion as did that practice of the Romish Church in the sixteenth century.—*National Baptist.*

There is no religion, no charity, none of the spirit of Him who became poor for our sakes, in spending money at a fair.—*New York Observer.*

Can there be any doubt as to the folly of this double-faced, indirect method of trying to raise money for the Lord's cause, in contrast with the straightforward, honest appeal to men to give of their substance to him on whom they depend for all things.—*The Sunday-school Times.*

This whole system of supporting religious worship by the sale of gimcracks and the giving of entertainments is a fraud.—*The Christian.*

We incline to class them as a whole among the questionable expedients. The utmost we can say in the way of allowance for them is that they may be "good for the present distress." As things are in many communities they may seem to be the only resort to raise needed funds. But we are sure there is a more excellent way. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Fancy Paul attending an "oyster supper" of his Corinthian converts, who would thus raise the money for his expenses; or John managing a "bazaar" to establish a church in Ephesus.—*Christian Union.*

Some of the noblest enterprises of charity are well nigh starved out. A large number of local institutions and enterprises are only kept afloat by a resort to the pitiful devices of fairs and bazaars, and "pound parties," and divers other dickerings. I am constantly beset to go and lecture for the benefit of this, that, or the other religious "movement," which, having got into the mire of debt, is not able to move at all. Every pastor can give his humiliating testimony in the same direction.

The Rev. Father Scully, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a severe condemner of church fairs. "They demoralize our girls," he says, "more than do our lowest theatres, for girls, armed with their church fair book, go forth under religious and parental sanction, where they please and when they please, entering even bar-rooms to solicit chances and votes. The children think of nothing but the fair. Home, church and school are banished. When lager beer is sold in our churches where fairs are held, how can we train our youth to look with horror on the evils of rum?

Fairs, strawberry festivals and all similar abominations are thus rendered unnecessary. Subscription papers carried about the town by the attractive members of the congregation (female, of course) may thus be relegated to the limbo of forgotten devices. The church-members will then give for the sake of the cause, and not for the sake of having a good time at a festival, or because shame drives them into putting down their names on the hated subscription paper.—*Congregationalist.*

It is a pitiable thing to see men who separate themselves from the world as those who are redeemed and made heirs of eternal life, giving their three or four percent, and wasting time and thought, and conscience even, in devising schemes for getting the deficit from the non-religious by public entertainments, fifth-rate theatricals, bazaars, etc.—*New South Wales Independent.*

"Why not read this at the next sewing-circle?" said Mr. Dennett, giving back the excerpts.

"That's a capital idea, John. Now you can finish your sermon;" and the busy little woman flitted from the room.

But the good ladies in her husband's parish were not so ready to sacrifice their ancient customs. "No other minister's wife ever found fault with fairs, and why

WHAT PARABLE DOES THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATE?

should this one?" sniffed Jane Sibley. "What was good enough 'fore she came is plenty good now."

With all possible earnestness Mrs. Dennett pictured the spiritual blessings that might follow if their gifts for the sanctuary service were made a voluntary offering to the Lord. A few wavered, and put the perplexing question, What else can we do?

During the following week Mrs. Dennett prayerfully pondered the subject, and then something happened which displaced all thoughts of the fair in the minds of anxious mothers and elder sisters. An epidemic broke out among the children, and fancy work was neglected for the absorbing duties of nursing the sick. Though none died, in almost every home there were little convalescents who, for several weeks, taxed the time and strength of those who ministered to them. One day a dainty white missive dropped into these weary households, bearing the following message from the dominie's wife:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I know you have no heart for the approaching fair, and if you will kindly enclose in the accompanying envelope the amount which you would probably expend in materials therefor, and return to me by Saturday, I think we can secure the needed funds."

What a sense of relief these notes gave! What a burden was lifted from the female hearts in that parish! For, with sickness added to the usual household cares, the work of the fair looked like an impossibility. Willing fingers loosened the purse-strings, and there was a busy time at the parsonage on Saturday evening counting the gains. No candidates for Congress could be more excited over the clicking of the wires which brought election returns than were Mr. and Mrs. Dennett at the ringing of the door-bell. The next day it was quietly announced from the pulpit that $347.29 had been received in voluntary contributions from the people of the parish.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jane Sibley, as she fluttered into the aisle, "that's twice as much as we ever got before, an' I only sent fifty cents!"

"And we only gave a dollar at our house," chimed in a deacon's wife, "for Johnny's doctor's bill just ate everything up this month."

This unexpected result was the beginning of better things. Old prejudices did not yield at once, but both Mr. and Mrs. Dennett followed up the success by wise talking and teaching until Paul's plan for benevolence was thoroughly established in both church and Sunday-school. Souls were quickened into a new love for the Saviour, and a dear little prattler in one household probably voiced the general sentiment when she said, "Papa, isn't it just nice to give without any fuss or teasing!" —*S. S. Times.*

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING MADGE.

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Madge, get right up this minute, you good-for-nothing girl, that dress cannot be washed again this week; I wish you could ever do something right, or be any use in the world."

Madge obeyed her aunt, and said nothing, but her cheeks burned, and her lips quivered, as she looked up.

She had not been called "good-for-nothing," since she got up that little society, and had that Dolls' Reception, when she had earned twenty-five dollars for the American Missionary Association. She was quite taken by surprise.

Suddenly, a large rosy apple rolled to her feet, and she heard a merry laugh. She looked up, and saw her cousin Charlie.

"Well, Madge dear, are you surprised at hearing your old title again? I thought since you got up that big missionary fandango, we were not going to hear that any more."

"I know it, I thought so, but I don't suppose because a person has done some good once in their lives that that is to last them forever. I believe Aunt Penelope has rightly named me."

Charlie drew down his face and looked very solemn. "Margaret," he said, "are you rightly mindful of the preacher's words last Sunday, 'Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not!'"

"Yes, Charlie, I am; and I believe I am one of the fainted ones. I'm like the clock that used always to strike twelve and then stop."

"And I have not even struck twelve," said Charlie thoughtfully. "I think I need winding up. We boys don't seem to do much for the good of the world any way. Suppose, Madge, we club together and see what we can do."

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Lindenboro, preached for a brother minister in a town near his own one Sunday. The day was very warm, and his congregation small, and he went home feeling quite discouraged with himself, and almost sorry that he had ever decided to be a minister. His text had been: "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Truly, the preacher himself, was ready to faint. He thought no one took any heed to his words.

About six months after he was called to preach there again and refused. A day or two after a little pink note came to him written in a childish hand. It was signed Madge Vernon, and as I cannot show it to you, I will tell you what it said:

"DEAR MR. FURNESS—We were so sorry you did not come to preach last Sunday. My cousin Charlie and I liked your last sermon so much, and we thought it was just what I needed, for I had got weary in well doing, and thought because I had done something once, I need do no more, and Charlie said he had not even begun, so we went to work together.

We gave round jugs for money, and told the boys and girls to be ready for a grand smash up in six months, and we would see which jug had most money in it. We had missionary songs and recitations, and we had cake and ice cream, and Japanese tea in Japanese cups, served by a little girl in Japanese costume. I can't tell you just how much we made, for some of the boys were away and we have not had their jugs yet, but there is one thing sure, we have made as much as the big people's society did in a whole year, and if it had not been for your sermon, I am quite sure we should have been fainting still. Instead of that we are reaping in due season. I heard our minister say you were discouraged the day you preached here, and thought we did not care for your preaching, so I have written this to let you see, as far as two were concerned at least, it was not so. The good of your sermon may reach even to China and Africa. So, for my good-bye, let me beg of you in my turn, not to be weary in well doing, not to faint, for your seed dropped has already grown and borne fruit, and in this note you can know the pleasure of reaping.

Your little friend,

MADGE VERNON."

So you see, the dear old words of the Bible gave courage to Madge and the minister, too. Let those who have ever tried to do any work for these missions in our land remember Madge Vernon's example, and not rest after one effort, but try again, and let not the older ones who preach the word be discouraged. They can only drop the seed—the harvest is from the Lord.—*American Missionary.*

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE says:—"My idea is, that work done under the influence of any kind of stimulant is unhealthy work and tends to no good."

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

The afternoon was sultry, and in the oppressive air of the class-room our professor's voice fell somewhat monotonously on inattentive ears. My thoughts wandered away to sylvan shades and grottoes of refreshing coolness, till I seemed to be exploring a narrow passage, which presently led me into a vast cave, where noble columns of sparkling stalactite supported an arched roof of purest crystal. I stood in one of nature's noblest halls, but not alone. A strange company had gathered there. "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," were before me. A festive occasion had assembled, in joyous mood and holiday attire, the first-born of creation—the elements of things.

I was about to apologize for my intrusion and withdraw, but received an earnest invitation to remain as a guest at a picnic dinner-party about to take place, and for which fifty-six family invitations, I was told, had been issued. Sea and land had been ransacked for delicacies, and everything was put in requisition that could minister to the splendor of the entertainment, or to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Whilst awaiting the summons to the banquet, I looked around on the interesting party now rapidly assembling. And here these children of nature were seen, not as in the chemist's laboratory, writhing in the heated crucible, or pent up in glassy prisons, or peering out of gasholder and Florence flasks, but arrayed in their native beauty, each free as air, and all acting as impulse prompted. The Metals, the Gases, the Salts, the Acids, the Alkalies, the Oxides, all were there from the mine and the mint, from the workship of the artisan, and even from ocean's depths, they had come, and many of them, especially the ladies, were most tastefully attired.

Chlorine wore a beautiful greenish-yellow robe, while the fair daughters of *Chromium* appeared in gay dresses of the liveliest golden yellow and orange-red. *Iodine* had only just arrived, and was not yet disencumbered of an unpretending outer-garment of steel gray, which enveloped her person, but when the warmth of the apartment compelled her to throw this aside, she appeared arrayed in a vesture of thin gauze, of the loveliest violet color imaginable. *Carbonic Acid* appeared in a plain dress of snowy white, while her mother, *Carbon*, wore the deepest sables, and a gloomy countenance; yet, not disdaining ornament, she exhibited ear-rings of polished jet, and a circlet of diamonds glittered on her brow. *Nitrogen* was there with her graceful daughter, *Nitrous Acid*, airy in all her movements, and clad magnificently in crimson.

Nor was the costume of some of the gentlemen of the party less remarkable. *Sulphur* wore a yellow suit, and *Phosphorus*, flesh-colored garments; while *Phosphureted Hydrogen*, or, as he is nick-named, "Will-of-the-Wisp," flitted amongst us in a robe o' living flame—the dress in which the reckless youngster is said to haunt churchyards and marshy places, playing his pranks upon poor, benighted travellers. *Gold*, the king of metals, was of course arrayed in gorgeous apparel. His royal sister, *Silver*, came, leaning on his arm. If this bright-eyed maiden had less of glitter, none that knew her failed to acknowledge her sterling worth. *Mercury*, that reckless being, was there, as lively and versatile as ever; now by the thermometer noting the subterranean temperature; now by the barometer predicting a storm in the regions overhead; now arm in arm with this metal, then with that; and they all, by the way, save stern old *Iron*, had hard work to shake him off. This strange character was nevertheless a philosopher of uncommon powers of reflection, and well versed in the art of healing. *Potassium*, though decidedly a brilliant fellow, manifested too much levity in his deportment to win respect, and was pronounced by those who knew him best, to be rather soft. In gravity, *Platinum* surpassed all the company; in natural brightness, *Tin* was outshone by few.

When *Oxygen* arrived, with his clear, transparent countenance and light elastic step, a murmur of congratulation was heard, and all arose to do him homage. He was a patriarch among them, and literally a father to many of the younger guests. His presence was the signal for adjournment to the banqueting room, where, of right, he took his seat at the head of the table. The apartment we had now entered was illuminated with an arch of flame, of dazzling brightness, produced by a curious apparatus which *Galvanism*, who excels in these matters, had contrived for the occasion, from materials furnished by his friends, *Zinc* and *Copper*. Festoons of evergreens and wreaths of roses adorned this brilliant and fairy-like scene. The preparation of the more substantial part of the feast—the baking, boiling, roasting, stewing etc., had been committed to *Caloric*, of long experience in these matters. The nobler metals brought costly services of plate, and *Carbon*, united with *Iron*, furnished elegant steel cutlery. *Alumina* provided the finest china, and *Potash* and *Silex* jointly contributed glass of exquisite transparency. Among these sons of nature there is no craving for artificial stimulants, so *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen* were commissioned to find the drinkables, and the beverage they provided was the best, the purest, and the most refreshing that could be had. *Carbon*, with *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen*, found most of the vegetables; and *Nitrogen* aided them materially in procuring the meats abundantly presented. Some individual offerings to the feast caught my attention; as for instance, the oysters, which *Carbonate of Lime* had sent in the shell; the pyramids or ice-creams prepared by the daughter of *Chlorine* and *Hydrogen*; but *Hydrocyanic Acid*, the druggist, brought peaches and nectarines from his own conservatory.

The feast was ready, but not begun till the signal had been given by *Affinity*, a sort of chaplain to the elements, having officiated at the weddings of all the married ones of the company. As usual, the conversation did not become general till the dessert appeared, when jokes were cracked as well as nuts; the toast and song were called for; wit and innocent hilarity became the order of the day. Even *Oxygen*, their dignified president, relaxed from his sternness, and told many a tale of his own mischievous pranks in the days of old Father Chaos, when Time and himself were young—how he and *Hydrogen* would terrify the ichthyosauri and megatheria of the ancient world with earthquakes and conflagrations. *Nitrous Oxide*, too, that funniest of youngsters, amused us with his drolleries; *Phosphorus* made a flaming speech, and *Potash* a caustic one; while *Mercury* proposed as a toast, "The medical profession, to whom we say, 'Use us, but do not abuse us."

It chanced that I witnessed a curious little by-scene—a flirtation that *Platinum* was carrying on with *Hydrogen*, whom, to my surprise, I saw seated among the metals, and very much at home among them too. Great indeed was the contrast between *Platinum*, gray, heavy, and dull as he was, and the light and buoyant creature at his side; but there was soon evidence of mutual attraction. *Platinum* grew warm in his attentions, and ere long quite a flame was kindled between them. So passed the festive hour; all went "merry as a marriage bell," till suddenly *Sulphureted Hydrogen*, a most disgraceful fellow, entered, with an offensive air. In an instant all the metals, to whom he is particularly obnoxious, changed color. *Lead* grew even black in the face with indignation; *Arsenic* and *Antimony* seemed jaundiced with rage; *Ammonia* to whom his presence recalled disagreeable associations, in trying to avoid him precipitated several metallic oxides to the floor; while *Chlorine*, with more self-command, advanced to repel the intruder. Just at this moment a strange sound, like the trampling of a mighty host, assailed my ears. Methought it was "an earthquake's voice," and that now my fate was sealed. The arching grotto, the festive scene, faded from before my eyes, which opened, to my confusion, on the professor, who, having concluded his lecture, was leaving his desk, and on the empty forms, which the students had just quitted, and in so doing had ruthlessly destroyed my "baseless fabric of a vision," leaving alas, not "a wreck behind."

—*From Leisure Hour of* 1858.

IDLE JOACHIM.

When Luther was one day asked for a contribution to some important Christian object, he found himself penniless. After a moment's thought he remembered that among his most valued possessions was a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Brandenburg. Going to the drawer which contained it he said: "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful;" and he gave the medal to the object for which he had been solicited. How many of us have idle Joachims hoarded among our treasures, which, if made useful, would go far to lessen the misery, enlighten the ignorance, and promote the happiness of our fellows?

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

EXERCISE ON BIBLE ANIMALS.

1. "The righteous are bold as a ——."
2. "The —— and the —— shall feed together."
3. "The —— shall eat straw like the ——."
4. "And they brought the —— to Jesus."
5. "The poor man had nothing, save one little ——."
6. "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of ——."

B. M. P.

MISSING SCRIPTURE WORD.

1. "The statutes of the Lord are ——."
2. "Woe to them that are at —— in Zion."
3. "To be carnally minded is ——."
4. "Out of the —— came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."
5. "Thou —— my lot."
6. "They that be whole need not a ——, but they that are sick."
7. "Mine eyes have seen —— salvation."
8. "He shall redeem —— from all his iniquities."
9. "Who is a rock save —— God?"
10. "The fifth to ——, he, his sons, and his brethren, were twelve."

The initials of the words to be filled in form the whole. Please name, and give Scripture reference.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What city of Syria now in existence was contemporary with Sodom and Gomorrah?
2. What city was spared to afford shelter for Lot?
3. In what city did the Israelites bury Joseph.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 2.

1. 1 Kings 15: 13.
2. 1 Kings 18: 40.
3. 1 Kings 17: 3.
4. 2 Kings 5: 12.
5. 1 Chron 5: 26.
6. Eze. 1: 1.
7. Jordan.

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Our clerks are busy with the lists sent in by canvassers for subscriptions to this paper, and the FIRST BATCH of BOOKS will be despatched from this office in a few days to the various persons who will be found to be entitled to them.

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